

Dear Miss Parlow!

How lovely you
are in writing me such a
pretty letter! I am very
glad that you kept your
word, however I did not
think otherwise. If your
letter ^{had come} one day before, my
hair should have been
saved for the scissors of
the barber. That sounds
ridiculous but still it is
true. My hair is always
very long because I like
it to rub through it with
my hands. When I told to
a friend - ~~too~~ long-haired too
that you should write me, he
did not believe it. He thought
you too busy to keep your
word. Then I had a wager

^{III}
How very nice that you'll
play the Chaconne of
Bach. You don't know
how I desire to be there.
Now I must end, for
my baby (that's my violin)
is waiting for me.
With much thanks for your
letter and kind regards to
your mother and you

yours sincerely!

Franz Re Coultra

^{II}
with him that you should
write me before next week
Tuesday. The stake was -
our hairs! The evening post
did not bring the letter, ^(on Monday) so
I lost the wager and my
hairs for the letter came
with the post of Tuesday.
Don't you think it a nice
history? Of course I shall
try to be at your concert
however there is a big
chance that I can't. May
I happen to make me free
and come, we can speak
- about the date of my
visit in Amsterdam.
I hope that your cold has
gone. It had to be impossible
for celebrated "violinists"
to catch colds.

